

The Poet's Corner.

Translated from the German.

THE RICHEST PEARL.

besides the church door, a weary and lone,
A blid woman sat on the cold door stone;
The wind was bitter, the snow fell fast,
And a moaning voice in the little room
Sounded out the mournful dirge.

As she begged her ains of the passing bairns:
"Have pity on me, pity, I pray;

My back is bent and my hair is gray."

The bairns were ringing the hours of prayer,
And alas! they had no time to heed

The poor soul asking for charity's need.

As the bairns were passing by,

"They saw not the sorrow, nor heed not the moan,

Or her soul sat on the cold door stone.

At last came one of a noble name,
By the city counted the richest dame,

And the pearl that her neck wea

Saw proudly thre to the beggar dirge.

Then followed a maiden young and fair,

With a smile on her lips, a tear in her eye,

But her dress was thin, and scanty, and worn,

Not even the beggar seemed more forlorn.

With a tearful look and a pitying sigh,

She whispered low, "No jewels have I,

But I have given you a pearl good for nae," said she.

"As the bairns pass by,

They see not the pearl, nor heed not the moan,

Or her soul sat on the cold door stone.

Some were hoping their souls to save,

And some were thinking of death and the grave,

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